## MINE ENEMY'S DOG

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THE hills brood over these villages, blue and deeper blue from range to farther range. There is a bold loveliness about the land. The for-

sing and, desper on the stand. The forests, blotched darkly with evergreens or lightly splattered with the gay tops of the birches, clothe the ridges in garments of somber beauty. Toward sunset a man may stand upon these hillitops and look westward into the purple of the hills and the crimson of the sky until his eyes are drunk with looking. Or in the dark shadows down along the river he may listen to the trembling silences until he hears his pulses pound. And now and then, with a sense of unreality, you come upon a deer along some lode wood road; or a rabbit will fuster from some bush and rise on haunches, twesty yards away. It was the standard are real dogs. No mongrels here; no sneaking, hungry, yapping cure. Predominant, the English setter, gentlest and kinest and best natured of all breeds; and, in second place, the lopeared hounds. A rabbit hound here and there; but not many of these. Foxhounds more often. Askwazdlow-bodied, heavy dogs that will nevertheless nose out a fox and push him hard for mile on mile. These are not such fox hounds as run in packs for the sport of red-coaled men. These are in the sport of red-coaled men. These are tillurarian dogs; their function is to keep the fox moving until the hunter can post himself for a shot. A fox skin is worth yoney; and come by the sport of red-coaled men. These are for he sport of red-coaled men. These are full things and they swe the fox come up and they swe the fox one by the sport of red-coaled men. These are for the sport of red-coaled men. These are full of shot!" and my father said: "Mine, too, you clumsy coot!" So they way, there's the fox; and I'm full of your shot, and I'm half froze. Let's skin the darned critter and get him half froze and dogs that will never the sport of red-coaled men. These are full of shot!" and my father said: "Mine, too, you clumsy cot!" So they way, there's the fox; and I'm full of your shot, and I'm half froze. Let's skin the darned critter and get home." "So father agreed; and they worked in the fox and they should be

a dog me pursuing is outlawed and may legally be shet by any man. Men without conscience and dogs without house will thus pursue the deer, in season and chi; nevertheless, deer running is for the dogs of Fraternity the black and shameful crime. They were talking dogs, on a certain night in late September, in Will Bissell's store. A dosen men were there; most of them from the village itself, two or three from outlying farms. Jim and Bert Saladine, both keen hunters of the deer, who killed their legal duots year by year, leaned side by side against the candy counter, and Andy Wattles sold them licorice sticks. Lee Moley had driven down from his farm above the Whitcher Swamp; and Jean Bubler had come in from the head of the Pond; and there was George Freeland, and two or three besides.

Proutt was one of these others. Proutt was one of these others. Proutt was one of these others. from the head of the Pond; and there was Gay Hunt; and there was George Freeland, and two or three besides. Proutt was one of these others. Proutt of South Fraternity, a farmer, a fox hunter, and a trainer of setter dogs. Finally Nick Westley, a North Fraternity man, appointed within six months' time to be game warden for the district; a gentleman well liked in spite of his thankless job; a man with a sense of humor, a steady and persistent pourage, and a kindly persistent courage, and a kindly tengue.

THE store rocked with their mirth be the beginning of the enmity between Prout and Westley. One-sided at first, this ill feeling. Two-sided at the last, and bitter enough on either side. A strange thing, dramatic chuckled discount and Will Bissell chuckled discount and will Bissell chuckled discount and will be seen and the strange thing. ed among the old men's tales that were told around the stove.

Proutt, the dog trainer, was a man handle who knew dogs. None denied him that. "Yes," they would say; "Prout'll break a dog for you. And when he "And handle was a dog for you." gits done with your dog, your dog'll Dan. M'sieu Proutt. That will hold mind." If you scented some reservation in word or tone, and asked a Proutt himself was brick-red with tion in word or tone, and asked a question, you got no explanation. But your informant might say casually: "Hepperton's a good man with a dog, too. Over in Liberty. Gentles 'em."

Persistent inquiry might have brought out the fact that Hepperton never whipped a dog; that Proutt was a good warm the warden a little later. "It was a good warm to warm the warden a little later. "It was a good warm to warm the warden a little later. "It was a good warm to warm the warden a little later." brought out the fact that Hepperton to warn the warden a little later. "It was a good joke," he said. "You handen to handed it to him right. But look out for the man, Westley. He's mad."

Westley, still smiling, was nevertheless faintly troubled. "I'm sorry," he would explain. "After woodcock, he said." I did it for a toke." who loved dogs, used to tell an incident. "When out with Proutt once," he would explain. "After woodcock, we was. He was breaking a two-year-old. Nice a dog as I ever see. First bird, she took a nice point; but she broke shot. He had him a raw-hide strap; and he called her in and I never see a dog hurt worse. And after that he couldn't get her out from under his legs. Ain't been out with him since. Not me."

Westley, still smiling, was nevertheless faintly troubled. "I'm sorry," he said. "I did it for a joke."

"He can't take a joke," said Motley. "I'll tell you," he told Motley. "I'll square it with him."

"If it was me," Motley agreed, "I would."

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the evening that followed.

That Proutt had some battle with waving arms; and the deer, with the evening that followed.

That Proutt had some battle with waving arms; and the dog, ever look-limeted to the set on his harnches, right aside me, cocking his nose down where tother than he regretted it, and hoped Proutt first overcoming the scruples which as the deer, with the evening that followed.

That Proutt had some battle with waving arms; and the dog, ever look-limeted to destroy a soul without first overcoming the scruples which as the deer, with the evening that followed.

threes in both bar'ls; and me and Dan Stayed there, awaiting; and the baying come nearer all the time, till I "St

RATERNITY has not changed in lifted and he looked my way. I says:
a hundred years; yet is there
always some new thing in Fraternity. It may be only that

ofT was when he was younger," he explained, "before he was married, while he still lived at home. But I've heard him tell the story many a time.

back. Westley himself displayed such surprise at their mirth that they laughed the more; and fat little Jean Bubler shook a finger at Proutt and

"And that will put the bee to your

after that he couldn't get her out from under his legs. Ain't been out with him since. Not me."

Proutt was not liked. He was a morose man, and severe, and known to nurse a grudge. But he turned out dogs which knew their business, and none denied him this. So had he his measure of respect; and his neighbors minded their own affairs and kept out of the man's harsh path.

Curiously enough, though he trained setters. Proutt did not like them. He preferred the hound; and his own dog (a lop-eared brown-and-white named) less won Westley and won his wife.

"Sure," said Westley.
"He's a well blooded dog," said
Proutt. "I'll come tomorrow and fetch
to his own heart no man may fully
to his own heart no man may fully see the fox would come acrost that ledge, sure.

"Cold it was. Wind ablowing, and him."

And with no further word—they guess. It can only be known that in the end his hatred overweighed all the store—he drove that he threw himself into the

a hundred years; yet is there always some new thing in Fraternity. It may be only that ternity. It may be only that ternity is sow has killed her pigs, or that choleric old man Varney has been well and the pigs, or that choleric old man Varney has bought six yearling steers. But there is always some word of news, for the nightly interchange in Will Bissell's store, before the stage comes in with the mail. You may see the men gather there, a little after milking time, coming from the clean, white houses that are strung like beads along the five roads which lead into the village. An unscular, competent lot of men in their comfortable, homely garments. And they alt about the stove, and talk, and smoke, and spli, and laugh at the tale that are told.

Fraternity lies in a country of little towns and willages, with curious names something more than a century old. Liberty is west of Fraternity. Union is to, the southward, aFreedom and Equality lie north and west. Well enough named, these villages, too, lafte in timp flows easily; there is no great entity after more things than one man cash use. The men are content to get their gardening quickly done so that they may trail the brooks and pa'tridge; and when the snow lies, they go into the for wood cock and pa'tridge; and when the snow lies, they go into the for mink of hound for fox.

Thirty years ago there were farms around Fraternity, and the land was clear; but young men and the lines have and the pines have and the alders and the pines have taken back the hand. There are moose and deer in the swamps, and a wild cat or two, and up in Freedom a man killed, a bday a year ago.

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THE hills brood over these villages.

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king his nose down where t'other was baying, waiting, wise as an would refuse. But the dog trainer only gave a moment to slow consideration, with downcast eyes.

Then he said huskily: "I charge

the snow acutting past my ears. Not much snow on the ground; but it was froze hard as sand. I figured Dan'd get uneasy; but he never stirred. Set where I'd told him to set; and us and bronch wished he might withdraw; he wished he might be might



watching, knew that this was indeed never have seen.

watching, knew that this was indeed a dog.

Two things he saw which had significance. Once, in a muddy patch said softly: "Reck! Fetch dead bird."

Now, this is in some measure the upon a deer's track; and other tracks test of a setter. There are many setters which take a natural point and hold it; there are some few which are also natural retrievers, without the saidy muddled; and he could make little of them. But he was sure of them.

Curiously enough, though he trained setters, Proutt did not like them. He friendly gift, and Westley accepted it in the same spirit. In its second year and still untrained, it had nevertheless won Westley and won his wife and his particular pride. This less won Westley and won his wife and his children. They all loved the dog, as they loved each other.

Originally this dog had been called Rex. The Westleys changed this name to Reck, which may be short for Reckwith the name of Dan, and it was the fashion to grin in one's sleeve at Proutt's tales and to discredit them.

The dog was untrained and Westley had no time for the arduous work of training. He had meant to send Reck, this fall, to Hepperton in Liberty, but, to make his amends to Proutt, he took the latter aside this night and asked Proutt to take the training of the dog.

On longer consideration he might not have done this, but Westleys was a man of impulse and, as has been with me," he said, in his hoarse, was a friend. Nevertheless, he had no time at man. One of the mis through the firedly gift, and Westley accepted it in the same spirit. In its second year and still untrained, it had nevertheless way is to put a helpless thing in that and nother at devil may come at a man. One of them is through then is through at man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands. If the good in him out weighs the bad, well enough; but if man's hands and damned.

Proutt hated Westley. Proutt had ben called the evil has ascendancy, then that we will he evil has ascendancy, then that we show if the evil has ascendancy, then that well-beloved. And Reck was pliant in he prout's hands, both because Prout to be supposed that he fought out well-beloved. And Re during that long walk, and through the evening that followed.

That Proutt had some battle with the saw. The man ly. But this much he saw. The

bind him; and there were scruples in Proutt. There must have been. He loved dogs, loved fine dogs, and thing he meant to do.

he did not beat Reck. This first was he was merely trying the dog.

Reck found a bird and took staunch point, steady as a rock. It was not yet October, the season was not yet which was afoot. Jim was a deer hunter; and toward mid-October, with the man was a standard to the man open; and so Proutt had no right to hunter; and toward mid-October, with shoot. Nevertheless, he did walk up a shotgun under his arm for luck's this bird, and flushed it from where sake, but never a buckshot in his Reck stood at point till the bird and Jim sought to locate them against rose; when its whistling wings litted the coming season. He moved slowly it, his nose followed it upward, followed and quietly, as his custom was; ears lowed its fall. • • • But he did not and eyes open. And he saw many stir, did not break shot; and Proutt, things which another man would

brought the woodcock, scare ruffled, may justly set a dog upon such track, and laid it in Proutt's hand. And Proutt took the bird, and stood still, explanation for what he had seen. Proutt took the bird, and stood looking down at Reck with a darkly brooding face. Considering, weighing to a fittle he began to curse softly, under his breath; and he turned and stamped out of the alder run, and bade Reck to heel, and went home. And Reck trotted at his heels, tongue out, panting happily.

There are many ways by which the down and moose, coming up the Sheepscot them is through hatred, and another way is to put a helpless thing in that man's hands. If the good in him outman's hand well enough; but if Proutt took the bird, and stood still, explanation for what he had seen. looking down at Reck with a darkly brooding face. Considering, weighing. Sheepscot there lies an open meadow

alder clump burst a man, driving be-fore him a dog. Dusk was falling, Jim could see their figures only dimstill urging from behind.

They slipped into the brush where further glimpse of them. Now, Saladine was an honest man he had seen. So it was that he kept a

patiently enough, for what should come.

He meant in that hour to take a hand. With a week of October left, Proutt took Reck home to Westley. Westley was not there, but Mrs. Westley ley's home.

Thirty-thirty in Whitcher swamp, or at one of the crossings, or—if you went so far—in the alder vales along the Sheepscot. And one day in the middle of the month, when the ground was frozen hard, Proutt came to Nick Westley was not there, but Mrs. Westley ley's home. where I'd told him to set; and us awaiting.

"Time come, I see the fox, sneaking up the ledge at that long, easy lope of theirs. Dan see him, too. His ears wished he might withdraw; he wished the might withdraw; he wished a wished the might withdraw; he wished the might withdraw; he wished to take a hand.

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He meant in that hour to take a hand.

With a week of October left, Proutt took Reck home to Westley. Westley to theirs. Dan see him, too. His ears

"I was over in the Sheepscot, t'other "More like it was one of these set-ters," Proutt declared, watching them all from beneath lowered lids. "They'll kill a deer, or a sheep, give 'em a chance."

"It was hound's tracks," Jim per-sisted mildly; and something in Jim's tone, or in Proutt's own heart, made the trainer boil into fury, so that he strode toward Saladine. But Will Bissell came between, and the matter

Proutt, before this, had taken Reck home; and the Westleys made much of the dog. Reck had affable and endearing little tricks of his own. He had a way of giving welcome, drawwith high whines of delight, or throaty growls that ran the scale. And he would lie beside Westley, or beside Westley's wife, and paw at them until they held his paw in their hands, when he would go contentedly enough to sleep.

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Westley turned toward the house. "Wait," he said. "I'll get my gun; and we'll go pick up Jim Saladine. He'll know."

him. At first Westley supposed stood on the doorstep. Proutt, wait-proutt had whipped him; but Reck ing, watched Reck with a flickering, man's hands. If the good in him outweighs the bad, well enough; but if the evil has ascendancy, then that man is utterly lost and damned.

Prout hated Westley; Proutt had in his hands Reck, a dog by Westley well-beloved. And Reck was pliant in Proutt's hands, both because Proutt knew dogs and because Reck was plant in nature tractable, eager to please, anxious to do that which he was asked to the lock of the creature to cover and the lock of the lock of the saw what you may see any day and Reck furtiveness passed away and Reck furtiveness passed away and Reck was plant in the saw a deer, a prout with an eye before which westleys forgot his first attitude of guilt, and loved him ardently as men and women will love a dog.

Westley had opportunity for one day's hunting with him, and Reck in the quick leap and rush which he was asked to deer."

The complexition recent to cover and the saw hat you may see any day and Reck was passed away and Reck furtiveness passed away and Reck was plant in furtiveness passed away and Reck was been. So the furtiveness passed away and Reck was the joyously affectionate creature to cover the had always been. So the Westleys forgot his first attitude of guilt, and loved him ardently as men and women will love a dog.

Westley had opportunity for one day's hunting with him, and Reck in the quick leap and rush which he was asked to carried the creature to cover and the task to which the well-belowed. The countries the saw hat you may see any day and Reck furtiveness passed away and Reck was the joyously affectionate creature to see what ne should deer!

ALADINE listened silently to Westley the looked at the time to looked at the time doe! He time to list the dog. He tied to lift the saw the furtiveness passed away and Reck was the joyously affectionate creature to every the looked.

Proutt with an eye before which was, in the time to looked at the dog. Nevertheless, being by nature a tacitum man, he made no comment of the didn't chase the didn't chase the didn't chase the furtiveness pas sarried the creature to cover and he had been born and bred.
Saw something else. Out from the last something else. Out from the last something else. Out from the last same in a manner to wake the least alarm, in a manner to wake the neighborhood. So West-ley had never kept him chained. It

> still urging from behind.
>
> They slipped into the brush where the deer had gone, and Jim caught no the deer had gone, and Jim caught no laid his plans.
>
> Custom of Westley's which gave much territory today," the hunter and down.
>
> Said mildly. "If the Sheepscot suits "He's not a further glimpse of them.
>
> Now, Saladine was an honest man, who loved the deer he hunted; and he was angry. But he was also a just man, and he could not be sure whom he had seen. So it was that he kept a still tongue, and waited, and through the weeks that followed he watched, the weeks that followed he watched, thirty-thirty in Whitcher swamp, or at

himself bade Reck into the trainer's buggy and watched the dog ride away with wistful eyes turned backward. Westley's wife was more concerned than he; and he forgot his own anxelty in reassurange her.

Westley's wife was more concerned that her and he forgot his own anxelty in reassurange her.

There are a thousand methods for the training of a bird dog, and each man prefers his own. There are some dogs which need much training; there are others which require little or none.

Reck was so nobly blooded that the instincts of his craft were deeply bedded in him. On his first day in the ladder swamps with Proutt was a dog beater, as all men know, but he did not beat Reck. This first day he was merely trying the dog.

Reck found a bird and took staunch missing the dog.

Reck found a bird and took staunch missing the dog.

Reck found a bird and took staunch missing the dog.

With him daily, for close to four long weeks as all fraternity men knew. Westley so when he came. But Westley, at sight of him, could now each and weekley, at sight of him. could now each week, as all fraternity men knew. Westley so when he came. But Westley, at sight of him. could now each and he bade her forgot Proutt. Westley so when he bade her forgot Proutt. Westley so when he came. But Westley, at sight of him. could now each and weekley, at sight of him. could now each and weekley, at sight of him. could now each and training them.

Reck back again, and he bade her forget Proutt.

Proutt had been, thus far, somewhat favored by fortune. The business of his office hat knew heat they forget Proutt.

Proutt had been, thus far, somewhat favored by fortune. The business of his office hat knew they forget Proutt.

Proutt had been, thus favored by fortune. The business of his office hat knew they forget Proutt.

Westley so when he came. But Westley

"You'll take pains not to get sure. Westley held his voice steady. "Di you ever have to call Reck off of deer

> "Then he's never been taught not to run them?"

this. He doesn't know it's wrong to run deer."
"That's no excuse."
"I'm not excusing him."
Proutt swore. "Well, what are you "I'm going to take him into the

swamp and find a deer," said Westley slowly. "See what he does. He's never been taught not to run them. So he'll run any that we find. If it's in him to do it he'll take after them."

Proutt nodded, and there was a cer-"I'm sorry," joke."

"and noid it; there are some few which joke."

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"and noid it; there are some few which joke."

"are also natural retrievers without training. Reck had been taught by our gun along." You're go ing to need that much—that man and dog had been at the panting with dog laughter all the time; and he had a way of talking. Westley, white and steady, said: Westley, white and steady in the part of them. But he does the held it while the tain triumph in his eyes. "You take

> Proutt nodded. "Til wait." he westley went into the house. Reck leadly light in his sullen eyes. \* \* \* \*

"Where?" Westley asked.

"Over in the Sheepscot," said Saladine. "I've got mine for this season; but I know some hardwood ridges over there where they're like to be

Mac's corner." Saladine told them, and they went that way.

The road took them by Proutt's house, and old Dan, Proutt's hound, came out to bark at them, and saw Proutt, and tried to get into the buggy. Proutt bade him back to the house, then the saladine, that silent man, stepped forward.

"Westley," he said, "wait a minute. You, Proutt, be still." A Story by Ben Ames Williams

Mac's corner." Stateline tool them, better the provided by which the ware was changed by the provided by the p

him sullenly. "Nobody around here can make you act, less'n you're a mind to. But I've told you what's going on."

Westley was sweating in the cold,

mind to. But I've told you what's going on."

Westley was sweating in the cold, and said pitifully: "Proutt, are you sure?"

"Yes," said Proutt: and Westley cried: "What did you see?"

"I had a deer marked." said Proutt side the ruled stone wall and slowly. "He'd been feeding under an old apple tree down there. I was there before day this morning, figuring to get a shot at him. Crep' in quiet. Come day, I couldn't see him. But after a spell I heard a smashing in the brush, and he come out through an open, and was away before I could shoot. And hot after him came Reck." "How far away?" Westley asked. "You couldn't be sure."

"Damn it man, I know Reck. Besides, I wouldn't want to say it was sides, I wouldn't want to say it was him, would 1? He's a grand dog."

"In moment's neglit and Proutt, after a moment soloped his a moment's hesitation, stopped his a moment and saludine's face grimly hardened, and Proutt turned pale here deer's hound Proutt be s

sides, I wouldn't want to say it was him, would i? He's a grand dog."

"What did you do?" Westley asked. "Telled at him to come in."

"Both him, would i? He's a grand dog."

"What did you do?" Westley asked. "Telled at him to come in."

"Both him, would i? He's a grand dog."

"Stopped for one look, and then one jump into the brush and away he went."

Westley was almost convinced; he turned to call Reck, with some curious and half-formed notion that he might catechize the dog himself. But when he turned, he found Reck at his side, and the setter was standing steadly, legs stiff and proud like a dog on show, eyes fixed on Proutt. There was no guilt in his attitude; nor was there accusation. There was only steady pride and self-respect, and Westley, at sight of him, could not believe this damning thing.

He said slowly: "Look at him."

The was the middle. Saladine two the other two.

Westley had suggested putting his hunting bell on Reck, but Proutt above the other two.

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Westley did not speak. He was single of his heavis and at times the dog his heavy hand suggested putting his hunting bell on Reck, but Proutt above the other two.

Westley did not speak. He was slowly drawled:

Westley did not speak. He was slowly drawled:

Westley did not speak. He was slowly bestley the stirring of his feet among the leaves, and at times the was under slowly drawled:

Westley did not speak. He was slowly bestley the deer." So they followed the hunting bell on the sead of them, and at times the was well ahead of them, and at times the was well ahead o worked steadily back and forth as a good dog will, quartering the ground by inches. And always he progressed along the ridge, and always they followed him. And Saladine, down the slope, watched Proutt as they move on.

No man spoke, save that Westley
urged Reck softly on when the dog
turned back to look at them. And at the last, when they saw that Rech had found game, it needed no work to bring the three together, two or

three rods behind the dog. \* \* \* \* moved forward, foot by foot; and in New York the other day.

"Did seconds, motionless, as though at great many people are when it comes point; but always he moved for- to a question of finance. ward again. And Westley felt the "Old Wash White is a good crample cold sweat upon his forehead; and of financial foolishness. When Wash's he looked at Proutt and saw the boss got back to the delta from the "What I mean," said Westley, "is this. He doesn't know it's wrong to only Saladine kept a steady eye upon the dog and searched the thickets ahead.

After a rod or two Reck stopped, and this time he did not move. And Westley whispered to the others:
"Walk it up, whatever it is. Move
in." So the men went slowly forward, eyes aching with the strain of staring into the shadows of the wood.
When Reck took his point he was
well ahead of them. He held it while something plunged in the brush ahead, and they all saw the swift flash of brown and the bobbing white tail as a buck deer drove straight away from them along the slope.
And Proutt cried triumphantly:
"A deer, by God! I said it. I told you so. Shoot, Westley. Damn you,

Westley stood still as still, and his heart was sunk a hundred fathoms deep. His hand was shaking and his eyes were blurred with tears. For Reck, who had no rightful concern with anything that roved the wo save the creatures which go on the wing, had marked a deer. Enough to damn him! Had hunted deer!

Saladine. Westley, without speaking, moved forward behind the dog. And of a sudden his heart could beat again.

For they came to where the buck

ley had never kept him chained. It was not the way of Fraternity to keep dogs in the house of nights; so Reck slept in the woodshed, and Westley knocked a plank loose and propped it, leaving Reck an easy avenue to go out or in. It was this avenue to go out or in. It was this avenue to go out or in. It was this but I know some narrowood to be deer passed over there where they're like to be feeding, come evening."

Proutt said uneasily: "Hell, there's so strong the men could almost catch it themselves; passed over this soent as though it did not exist, and swung, beyond, to the right and up the slope. The buck had gone forward the slope. The buck had gone forward had been lying, to his bed, still warm. And Reck passed over this warm bed, where the deer scent was

I'll go along. I'm most sure we'll pick up deer." most sure we'll pick up deer." They knew what he was after in the next instant; for wings drummed ahead of them, and four partridges got up, huge, fleeting shadows in the darkening woods. And Reck's nose followed them in flight till they were gone, then swung back to Westley, wrinkling curiously, as though he

And Westley did not speak at all., He and Reck and the deer hunter went steadily upon their way. The sun was setting; and dark shadows filtered through the trees to

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## Financial Foolishness.

FEROME SIMMONS, the United RECK, as the gunners say, was J States district attorney, who has "marking game." Nose down, he rounded up oil stock swindlers, said States district attorney, who has now and then he stopped for long "It's pitiful to see how foolish at

> driving a fine young muie hitched to a handstae wagon. "Now Wash was a notoriously shiftless customer, and so his boss said to

> "'Where did you get that splendid turnout, Washington?"
> "'Ah done boughten it at Magnolia, sah,' said Wash.

> "'How much did it cost you?" "'Ah done give mah note fo' \$200 for it. sah. "Good gracious,' said the boss 'where do you expect to get \$200 to meet your note when it falls due?"

"Wash looked astonished and offended. "'Fo' goodness sake boss man, he said, 'yo' sho'ly don' expeck me tel give mah note an' pay, too?"

## A Good Spirit.

WILLIAM G. McA 700 said at a New York luncheon: "We should all try to accept defeat. gracefully. Defeat accepted withgrace, pluck, humor, is as fine a thing as victory.

"I always liked the spirit of the young divine preaching his trial ser-mon, in a fashionable New York church. If the sermon should please, the young man would secure a \$12,000 post. Soon from the pulpit, however, he saw that his sermon was not pleasing.

"Half-way through, he paused. Then he said, in loud, ringing tones:
"The janitor will please open all the windows. It is unhealthy to sleep in a closed room."

## The Cash Call.

"MARSE HENRY" WATERSON said at a Louisville dinner: "One day I met an old colored man toting a fine ham under each arm. It was a gray, cold day, windy and threatening snow, but the old fellow had on a ragged seersucker coat and seersucker trousers-you could see is black skin through the holes.
"Ephraim," I said, why did you spend your money for those mag-nificent hams? You'd have done better to buy an overcoat.'

"Old Eph rolled his eyes at me so far—in the alder vales along the Sheepscot. And one day in the middle of the month, when the ground was frozen hard, Proutt came to Nick West-ley's home.

He came at noon, driving his old

"I want you to come," said Westley.

"I want you to come," said Westley.

"I want you to come," said Westley.

"Why did you not shoot?"

"Why did you not shoot?"

"Warse Henry when Ah axes man beack fo' credit Ah gits it, but when the ground was and put his arms about the dog's and then he came to his feet uncertainly as Proutt exclaimed: a ham—"it calls fo' de cash."